

GRAPHIC

VOL. XXI. NO. 4.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 27th, 1904

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GRAPHIC

Published every Saturday by
WINFIELD SCOTT

123 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Home Phone 5354

Sunset James 7331

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : : : \$2.50 Per Year

Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
as Second Class Mail Matter.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

VI.

George S. Patton.

I notice that George Patton did not attend either the Love-Feast of the local Democracy at Redondo last week or the Harmony Pantomime of the McNab, anti-Hearst brigade and James "Honest" O'Brien's "Horses and Carts" by the sad sea waves at Santa Cruz last Monday. Some friends of Patton rallied him on the subject and expressed their wonder that he did not grace these festivals. Patton replied, with the enthusiastic and reverberating laugh that is all his own, "What business would I have at a Democratic harmony convention?" No paradoxes for Patton.

True it is that the "Harry Hotspur of the South," as Ned Hamilton christened him, or the "Stormy Petrel of the San Gabriel Valley," which was the sobriquet given him by Otheman Stevens—even if he had been still in active politics—would have been out of his element in such surroundings. Once upon a time George Patton was the front and central figure of all Southern California Democratic gab-fests. He led the anti-railroad forces, and more than once, for a few brief hours only, had Tom McCaffery's scalp at his belt. Those were the days when beside the titles given above he was known as the "Terror of Turnverein Hall," which, with its capacious cellars, has been the scene of many a historic county and city convention and provided an ideal arena for the Democratic feasts of oratory and flow of beer.

But the "Stormy Petrel" has let his wings be clipped and "Harry Hotspur" no longer rides the fiery steed of insurrection. If, however, his energies have succumbed to more practical and more remunerative endeavor, his soul is still untouched. I ween that the "Stormy Petrel" spent a sleepless night in his nest in the San Gabriel Valley the night before the Redondo communion. He must have been beating his wings against the cage for just one more scrap with Tom McCaffery, who, I understand, played the great organ at the Harmony feast and had a hand in writing the platform, which made lobbying a criminal offense in the legislature or other similar bodies and favored the forfeiture of franchises obtained through corrupt means! I don't see how even George Patton could have prevented such a program and such a platform.

Time after time Patton led the local Democrats gallantly to—defeat. Finally he accepted the inevit-

able, retired from active politics and identified himself with large corporate interests. Instead of offering himself every two years as a vicarious sacrifice on the altar of a Democratic Congressional nomination, he has shed all his heresies—at least in public—and subscribes, more or less, to the government of the people by the corporations. Today he is one of H. E. Huntington's right-hand men, and is also a stockholder, and one of the directors, of the Banning Company, which nurses the destinies of Catalina Island.

Heretofore Patton's claim to fame lay chiefly in his prominence as a leader of the Democracy. While his heart remains loyal to "the losing cause" and in private he can still wax eloquent, denouncing the domination of Wall Street and prophesying the perils of plutocracy, it is doubtful if his earnest voice will be heard again in public, protesting against the "associated villainies." Patton was a lawyer by profession and a vineyardist by preference. The famous San Gabriel winery, which for ten pears was managed by Patton, has been converted into a shoe felt factory, but it is refreshing to know that many of its fine and fruity vintages still stock the capacious cellars of the old Wilson homestead, over which George Patton has presided since his marriage, some twenty years ago. With his large land interests and his political entanglements Patton had little time to practice his profession strenuously, but there are few men living whom I would rather have on my side before a jury. His eloquence is convincing because it is natural and sincere. The warm blood of the South courses through his veins and at forty-five years of age he still has all the enthusiasm of youth. His eye gleams and his nostrils dilate whenever he champions a losing cause or is battling for the faith of his father's or his own developed convictions; and tomorrow—if it were not for the corporate interests he represents—you would find him in the thick of the political fray.

His intimate knowledge of every acre of the San Gabriel Valley and his enthusiasm for Southern California—to say nothing of his great personal charm—commended him especially to H. E. Huntington, who during the last two or three years has acquired large interests in the valley, and the electric railroad magnate appointed him to his staff as land commissioner. Related by marriage to Hancock Banning, he has always been a zealous champion of Catalina Island, and some two years ago he acquired considerable interest in the Banning Company and has since been one of its directors.

Born at Charleston, Virginia, forty-eight years ago, he was too young to follow his father to the war, but the spirit of the South has always been so strong within him that even to day he will give you as eloquent a dissertation on the fate of John Brown as upon Mr. Roosevelt's indiscretion—he calls it something stronger—in entertaining Booker T. Washington at the White House. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and was graduated from its law school with honors.

Patton was imported to Southern California when only twelve years of age, but returned to Virginia to complete his education. On his return he was admitted to the bar and practiced law for nine years. He married Miss Anita Wilson in 1884.

George Patton is a remarkably handsome man and of a well-knit, upright figure. Brought up in the country, he has always been a keen lover of field

sports. He is an excellent horseman; a good shot and a fair golfer. A great devourer of both classical and contemporary literature, he is equally an authority on Horace and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. His "den" is stuffed with musty tomes, into which he frequently delves as a recreation from modern magazines. His home on the Lakeview Ranch, which lies nestled in the hill below the Pasadena Country Club, is an ideal retreat from the busy press of modern life. The old adobe house, built some fifty-five years ago, is a happy combination of the old Spanish regime, of colonial daintiness and of modern refinement. There he has reared a splendid family, and his eldest boy is today one of Uncle Sam's ardent young soldiers at West Point. The Pattons also maintain a cheerful cottage at Avalon, and here as at the "old home place" in the San Gabriel, hospitality reigns supreme.

Enthusiasm is the keynote of George Patton's character and enthusiasm is inspiration. Cynics may sneer at the enthusiast, because out of the fullness of his heart his mouth speaketh and the enthusiast is not always discreet enough for practical politics or commercial exigencies, but it is well to remember what the Greeks meant by this term "en Theo"—in God. In God a few of us still trust and therefore, perhaps, some of us are not millionaires.

JUNIUS.

THE KANSAS MAN.

The "poem" that follows was by Brother Burdette before he became a preacher.

One sweltering day in hot July
A beer saloon he wandered by.

And finding that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen.

And to rebuke the drinking men,
Whom he observed around him then,

He ordered, as he knew he'd ought ter,
A glass of pure, clear, crystal water.

He sat it down, "Ah, ha," said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me."

And so to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.

Healthful and good, sliced verry thin,
He dropned a little lemon in.

And then he said, "sweets to the sweet,"
And stirred some sugar in the treat.

To kind of brace the mixture up,
He dashed some bitters in the cup,

Then just a lee-tle whisky—well,
Say twenty lines of nonpareil.

And while he stirred it with a spoon
He sang in gleeful tones, this tune:

"Water, cold water, pure and free,
Water is the drink for me."

He raised his head, and loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.

"This is the new amendment plan,"
Remarked the temperate Kansas man.

Then set his course, and held the day,
Due west, his calm, imperial way.

—Hawkeye.

BY THE WAY

Political Outlook. Before the St. Louis convention the Democrats were fishing for an issue. They have been fishing ever since, have toiled all night and caught nothing. Of course the special pleaders for either side, the daily press that labels itself Republican or Democratic for revenue only, invents a new issue every few days, but it dies of inanition before it is landed. The weekly journals that examine conditions and causes in a non-partisan spirit are at a loss to define any real campaign issue that will appeal to reason. The partisan press of course and as usual appeals to party passion and prejudice. Harper's Weekly flounders in the attempt to discover what the campaign is all about; it says:

The net result of the two letters of acceptance is a virtual definition by each candidate of the principles upon which he appeals to the people.

Imperialism (as defined by Mr. Roosevelt). Recognition of the necessity of meeting a condition, regardless of the possible effect of a precedent thus established.

Constitutionalism (as defined by Judge Parker). Rigid adherence to theory, irrespective of temporary consequences.

Each apparently is satisfied with his position and willing to abide cheerfully by the judgment of the country. All other issues are incidental.

This, I imagine, will be very helpful to the proletariat, although in a rough and ready way the majority of the American people realize that they prefer THE MAN who meets CONDITIONS, to THE LAWYER who adheres to THEORIES.

Collier's Weekly continues its smooth and superior ex cathedra comment. It defends its attitude against the Emersonian charge that "independence" is "a muss of concessions" and maintains that it has opinions, aye convictions, of its own. Collier's seems to think that, while "it is a profound misfortune that the negro problem can not be kept out of national politics," nevertheless the bloody shirt will again be waved. The Democratic nominee for vice-president has chosen the Republican treatment of the negro as the most living issue, and thousands of stalwart Republicans will, I fear, vote for Parker and Davis because they think Roosevelt has been willing "to give new life to a blight upon the South." That negro votes will play an important part in the coming election may be judged from the following figures:

By the last census the negroes of voting age numbered in New York almost 30,000, in New Jersey 21,240, in Indiana 18,149. These States are the most important, in calculating the negro vote; but in California the number is 3,413, in Delaware 8,354, in West Virginia 14,774, in Maryland 60,208. In no one of these States did the Republican majority in the State elections of 1902 equal the number of negroes of voting age.

The real issue of the day, apart from politics and party prejudices, is that with the colossal accumulation of individual fortunes and the aggregation of corporate interests we need a MAN and not a LAWYER in the White House. We need a FORCE that will control the money power and not a SAGE

who will sit "soberly, sanely and silently" dependent on Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations." Theodore Roosevelt has proved himself the FOE of unjust privilege for the few; he has brought to time the violators of law, whether millionaires or laborers. Alton Brooks Parker secured his nomination by the trick of artful silence and by the craft of the FRIENDS of unjust privilege for the few. The Democracy of today has no purpose, and the American people do not know if Parker could carry out a purpose if his party had one. The people know the Republican purpose; they know why they like Roosevelt and why Wall street dislikes him; they will vote accordingly next November.

Senatorial Situation. Bard's hope of succeeding himself was given its final quietus at the Santa Barbara county convention. San Diego Republicans had kept silent on the question of instructions and while Santa Barbara "commended" Bard, it did not pledge the nominee for assemblyman to vote for him. I regret very much that I cannot discuss the proceedings of the Republican State convention in this issue. I rather expect that developments will be made as to the real attitude of the northern leaders as between Flint and Oxnard. I have it from one good authority that Flint has gained by his northern trip, and from another authority that is ordinarily as good, that Oxnard, at the proper time will develop into the real senatorial article. The hopes of the south for a senator lie between these two men, for Bard is out of it, even if General Otis does proclaim the virtue and sticking power of the Hueneme capitalist. Santa Cruz ought to reveal something about this fight—perhaps not directly on the surface and in the press, but in that indefinable manner which politicians readily discern.

"Lest We Forget." Senator Bard's newspaper ally has, of late, been saying a great deal about the Senator's achievements at Washington. The Senator has been given credit for obtaining the \$300,000 appropriation for the improvement of the San Pedro inner harbor. By his silence Senator Bard has given consent to these assertions. On March 1, 1902, in Washington, Senator Bard said:

"It is a splendid victory. I am as much surprised as any one, and McLachlan is entitled to and should receive the entire credit."

Senator Perkins said:

"It is one of the greatest victories that has been won here in many a day, and, considering the determined opposition, Mr. McLachlan cannot be too highly praised for what he has accomplished."

Will Senator Bard please explain how he reconciles this statement with his attitude of today? The columns of the Graphic are open to Senator Bard.

Persistence That Annoys. Ever since the city printing contract was awarded to the Times, the Express has persisted in one line of attack that is about as annoying as any that can be conceived. Editorially every night the Express announces that since the award was made so many inches of printing had been published, at a cost of so much, of which so much is "graft." The item is not over eight or ten lines but its daily appearance is a standing aggravation. I remember a parallel case in point. Before

the Southern Pacific Company bought the San Francisco Post and put Hugh Hume in charge, the Post was owned by A. D. Remington of Watertown, N. Y. He was a paper manufacturer and he took the Post for a debt. Tom Williams, now of the San Francisco Examiner, was city editor of the Post, and for some reason he didn't like the way the Central Pacific overland trains were running. Every day the "overland" arrived in San Francisco from one to ten hours late. Williams finally ran a short item each day, reading:

"Late As Usual.

"The Central Pacific overland train is late as usual today. It is... hours behind time."

Then, as now, there were plenty of knockers in the railroad business, and somebody saw that that daily item reached the late C. P. Huntington, who then had offices in the Mills building in New York. "C. P." stood that attack for about a month. Then he went red-eyed after the responsible men in San Francisco, and Williams was deprived of his ammunition.

I believe that if the Express persists in its present policy the Times will have a nervous chill before the printing contract expires.

Doheny or Clark. I wonder why it was that E. L. Doheny refused to stand forth as the "Prominent Democrat" who owns the Herald. I wonder why J. Ross Clark refused to stand forth as the "Prominent Democrat" who owns the Herald.

I wonder why every Democrat with money who was asked to pose as the owner, couldn't see the path clear.

I wonder why.

Hearst Losing Ground. Hearst's position as a political factor in the affairs of the Democracy was given another setback at the Santa Cruz convention. The selection of Isidore Dockweiler as chairman was a complete triumph for the McNab-Anti-Hearst wing of the party. Democrats, all over California have long memories and Hearst is being punished for his disloyalty to Lane and his treachery to White. It is not too much to hope that eventually the Examiner will be as thoroughly discredited in the councils of the party as the Los Angeles Times is discredited by the Republicans. And by the way, speaking of Hearst's treachery to Senator White brings out in strong relief recent utterances of Hearst's papers about the dead senator. The Examiners referred to him as "the venerated Senator." When did he become "venerated" in the estimation of William R. Hearst? Was it when the Hearst crowd wanted Edward White, the Senator's brother, to run for chairman of the Santa Cruz convention, or was it before that time? Was Stephen M. White "venerated" in W. R. Hearst's estimation when White's friends were raising a fund to erect a memorial to the statesman's memory? If my recollection is not at fault Hearst did not contribute a cent to that fund. "Veneration" never hits men suddenly unless there is some ulterior object in mind—political axe-grinding for instance.

A bas le Boycott. Judge Hunt's final injunction last Tuesday in San Francisco, commanding the Stablemen's Union not to interfere with the non-union employees of E. G. Pierce, proprietor of the Nevada Stable, or in any way to boycott his business, is hailed with satisfaction by all fair-minded

people, whether their sympathies lie with organized labor or combined capital. Judge Hunt's decree emphasizes the point that the union cannot have one picket in front of the stable any more than it can have a dozen. This just and eminently American decision will put an effectual stopper on the abominable scenes that have disgraced the streets of San Francisco and occasionally even the fair fame of Los Angeles. It would seem that the local unions removed their absurd boycott on Hamburger's People's Store just in time—before they had to. Now, in return, it will be right and reasonable that General Otis, like the Czar of Russia, should "forgive all his enemies," and grant "extraordinary concessions," instead of continuing to rage around like a bull in a china shop, imagining vain things. Let him burn his black list and abolish HIS boycott! For years he has boycotted both men and women. The names of the latter, if they or their husbands have offended his imperial majesty, have been stricken from the lists of guests at society functions, and even the name of the lady to whom Los Angeles is indebted for the success and permanence of the Symphony Orchestra has not been allowed to appear in a real estate transfer, for impurely spiteful and personal reasons. If General Otis will now abolish his own boycott and publish a newspaper instead of a personal organ, he can afford to shut up the Herald, thus save himself \$50,000 a year, and never fear the onslaughts of the Examiner. Will he do it? Only when the Furies have made peace with the Graces.

Naftzger Vindicated. Months ago I predicted the utter fizzle of Abbot Kinney's charges against A. H. Naftzger, manager of the California Fruit Agency and of the Southern California Fruit Exchange. Kinney's charges were prompted by narrow-minded jealousy and an insane love of notoriety and trouble-breeding. These Kinneyesque eccentricities were fostered by the energetic if misguided yellow journalism of Mr. Peltret, who has been associated with Kinney's story-paper since his former editor, Hamilton Wright, joined the California Promotion committee. All that Kinney has succeeded in doing is to scare the weaklings from the agency and the exchange—to attempt to tear down good work that it has taken ten years to build up. However it is significant that not a single one of the seven thousand growers whom Naftzger represented testified against him. Last season's marketing was disastrous but Kinney should have preferred his charges against the Almighty or the Weather Bureau, instead of against Naftzger. The board of arbitration, selected on the fairest principles possible, and individually men of sterling integrity and ripe judgment, have given Naftzger a total acquittal. Kinney should retire to the sad sea waves in his gum shoes and publish a new edition of his "Tasks by Twilight." I regret to hear that the impotent charges have cost Abbott \$15,000, which, I trust, will not delay the completion of "Venice by the Sea," or the renovation of those eye-sore shacks of his at Ninth and Main streets. In the meantime, Naftzger is receiving the heartiest congratulations of his friends, who have never faltered in their confidence in him.

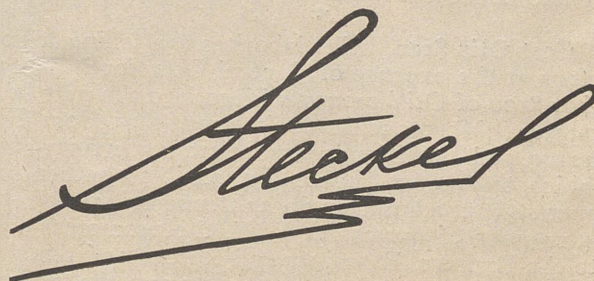
Upsetting Taxation Scheme. I am guessing whether the philanthropic Professor Lowe is aim-

ing to upset all existing taxation schemes. Since that able jurist, Judge Smith, has decided that licensed taxpayers can settle for themselves whether a license scheme is just, I have been waiting with some interest to know what the Professor is going to do about his taxes. You see, according to the books, some of Professor Lowe's companies owe for taxes on real property and if a man doesn't pay a license, why should he pay taxes? It has been the general understanding in this community for years that when a quasi-public corporation determined to engage in business, a franchise was necessary. Lowe's companies changed all that. For the proper support of the city government licenses are collected from persons doing business. Lowe and Judge Smith changed all that. Not only changed it, but I am satisfied that any saloonkeeper doing a small business has a perfect right to insist on a graded license—that is, if Judge Smith's law is good. Now the Lowe companies figure on the unpaid tax list. Am I not warranted in suspecting that the nimble philanthropist has designs on the tax system? The Lowe people certainly must have some reason for not paying and the general trend of their efforts has been very successful in evading every obligation to the city government which should be met.

Truth About Smelter Controversy. The controversy now in progress over the building of objectionable factories in the Arroyo Seco is not a mere agitation, started and controlled by a few people; it is an uprising of the people who live near the banks of that natural park. For many years a few far-seeing men and women have looked upon the Arroyo as a proper place for a park and have hoped that some day it would be acquired by the municipalities along its borders. But it was not until the Arroyo began to be invaded by manufacturing establishments that the hope took definite shape and the interest became general. The first establishment of the kind to be built there was the Lowe Gas works, erected about two years ago. Many of the people who lived in the vicinity vigorously opposed the construction of such a plant in the Arroyo; but the fears of some of the people were allayed by the representatives of the company, who said that the gas works would be in no way objectionable. The works is now an unmitigated nuisance. Now a smelter begins to rear its ugly form on one of the banks of the Arroyo

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Seco and the interest in the controversy has become general, and the opposition to the building of objectionable manufactories becomes practically unanimous. From Sycamore Grove to Pasadena the people are now almost a unit in their opposition to the desecration of the Arroyo. The Highland Park Improvement Association, one of the most active civic bodies in Los Angeles, has protested against the building of the smelter. The Garvanza Improvement Association has passed similar resolutions. The citizens of South Pasadena, many of them, have protested individually. The West Side Improvement Association of Pasadena, representing the residents of Orange Grove Boulevard, Grand Avenue and the remainder of Western Pasadena, have gone on record as being against the invasion of the Arroyo. The Pasadena Board of Trade, with its six hundred members, has taken up the fight against the danger which appears to be threatening their city as a residence district. There are several reasons why this controversy has attracted such a widespread interest. The first, perhaps, is esthetic. The Arroyo Seco itself contains more beautiful sycamores, live oaks, and other forest trees than any other region near Los Angeles. Bordering the Arroyo are hills unsurpassed for beauty in Southern California. It is not strange that the residents of the region should object to the erection of establishments which mar the beauty of these hills and render the territory unfit for residence purposes. The other great objection to these factories is that the air will be defiled by the smoke and fumes that will be emitted from them. It is this reason that appeals most strongly to the people of Western Pasadena. "The purest air we get in the western part of Pasadena," says C. D. Daggett, "comes up the Arroyo. There is almost a continual draught of air up that dry river bed, and the poisoning of the air by smoke from factories will interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of property in Western Pasadena, valued at over \$4,000,000." "The real estate men of Southern California," said Mrs. C. G. Creighton, the artist, before the Board of Supervisors last Tuesday, "do not sell land so much, as ozone, and this most beautiful residence district should be kept free from contaminating vapors." It would probably not be possible to acquire all of the land in the Arroyo Seco and convert it into a park, as there are so many small holdings which could not be bought at a reasonable price. But there does not appear to be anything impracticable in the plan of buying a narrow strip through the Arroyo—enough for a winding road—and of purchasing small tracts of five or ten acres adjoining this strip, wherever these tracts could be bought at a fair price. Such a plan would undoubtedly meet with popular approval; all that is needed to carry it into effect is a leader to set the wheels in motion.

Cost Otis \$100. The laborites are telling a good story at the expense of General Otis, for it appears that \$100 of Otis' money will go into the new labor temple. Most people don't know that Tom Fennessy and his friends are collecting money with which to erect a "Labor Temple." Whether they ever start the building doesn't concern me for they have none of my cash. Well, the promoters went to the Express, Examiner and Record and the managers of those papers promptly dug up the required \$100. Then the committee halted. "To see the Herald or not to see the Herald; that was the ques-

tion." Then Frank Finlayson announced himself as the plutocrat who paid \$85,000 for the Herald, to say nothing of meeting its deficits. The committee promptly "saw" him for \$100. And how it must gall Otis to think that his coin is going into a "Labor Temple."

Not Competent to Judge. Some two weeks ago I had something to say about the infamous freedom with which divorces are granted in the Los Angeles courts, holding that the stern doctrine of the Catholic Church is infinitely better than the opera bouffe performances which are permitted in the superior courts. And now comes a correspondent who wants me to "roast" a well known man and woman because they are divorced. This is something that I must decline to do, because I am not in the roasting business as an occupation. To my mind there are certain principles governing the granting of divorces and these principles stand for morality. To select any single couple, since divorced, as an illustration is not to my taste. No outsider is competent to decide which party is in the wrong whenever a divorce is granted. I don't care which party is "aggrieved" in the eyes of the law, there are always two sides to a dispute between married people, no matter whether the dispute is a mere tiff that passes away in a few moments or a mighty difference that ends in the courts. In every case each side claims to be right and outside wisdom is of no account. My participation in individual cases, roasting this side or that would do no good. So I adhere to the enunciation of fixed principles and refuse to meddle with specific instances.

Summerland's Supporters. If children had votes there would be no question as to who would go back to the city council from the Fourth Ward. Theodore Summerland, as far as I can hear, has no opposition for renomination by the Republicans, and in that ward re-nomination is re-election. But warm as are his grown-up supporters, his most enthusiastic backers are the children. They have not yet forgotten the Ringling circus party which Summerland gave them. Anyhow I always believed that a man whom children will tie to, is a pretty decent sort of a citizen. They know by intuition what their elders are often slow in learning.



The Dining Place
Where Everything
Tastes So Good

Werdin Spending Money. Street Superintendent Werdin is spending barrels of money in his canvass for re-nomination. I understand that it is "the play" to get as many street department employees as possible into the city convention. Adherents of the existing regime who are not directly on the pay roll will not be despised. This information is printed merely as a tip to the Municipal League and such organizations, that if they want to be in the hunt, there is no time like the present.

Otis's Comic Supplements. Of course the Herald was not permitted to resume its publication of a Sunday comic colored supplement until the Times' splendid new colored press, which has been "pregnant" for several months, was in shape to deliver a comic supplement of its own. General Otis's two comic supplements were brought forth simultaneously and despite one abortion, "mother and child are doing well." But it is pathetic to see our old young friend "Buster Brown" who used to appear so spick and span in the old Herald's Sunday issues—imported by direct rail from the pressroom of the New York Herald, the best in the world—mangled almost beyond recognition by the Times' new press. However, "Buster" will no doubt receive better treatment from the Times' pressman, and the keen Chandler was, as usual, wise in tying up a contract for the New York Herald's matrices. In the meantime, it must gall "the general's" soul to find that in his old age he has to break the Sabbath and his preconceived ideas of newspapering by standing sponsor for two of those comic colored supplements, which he used to revile so blatantly as abominations of "yellow journalism."

"H. E.'s" Return. H. E. Huntington, like most great men, "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." His return last Monday was unheralded and not anticipated. His son, Howard, was chauffeuring a carload of pretty girls to the polo match at Santa Barbara, and his legal and political lieutenant, William E. Dunn, was playing Bridge at the Potter with Charlie Clark, when the news of H. E.'s arrival at Los Angeles enlivened the telephone wire to the Channel city. H. E. himself enjoys his little joke and was glad of the chance to "josh" Howard and "Billy." I met him Tuesday morning as bright and bustling as ever, with a ruddy glow of health suffusing his countenance. He is in love with Southern California and spends every day he can spare here, but his shipyard investments at Newport News, beside which his Los Angeles ventures are a pigmy, demand much of his time. Someday Mr. Huntington means to build a country home on the Mayberry ranch near George Patton's place and to "rest" a little. But work is his passion at present and "rest" a dream. He will be here several weeks to watch the completion of the Huntington building and to superintend the development of his railway systems.

Barlow Sanatorium. When Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, and those interested with him in the management of the Barlow Sanatorium, planned the mammoth fete which is to take place September 22, they were doing as much for society in Los Angeles as for the charitable institution which has been engaging attention of the fashionable world ever since it was founded. Their work for society—all unintended, I am sure—is seen in the harmonizing of many forces, and believe me, I for one have been astonished to see how the different coteries, hitherto looking askance at each other, have come into line, and consulted just as if this beautiful bit of charity had fostered a still more beautiful charity which has to do with men and women in their own sphere of life. One girl I know has thrown herself, heart and soul, into preparations for the coming event, and thus surprised the matrons who have never given her credit for being anything but a butterfly, and the way the heads of social rivals have bent together over plans for the general entertainment, is a sight to behold. It is all due, one woman told me the other day, to the tact of Dr. Barlow. If there is one man in town who impresses me more than another as being the embodiment of tact, it is Dr. Barlow. If you will notice, he never says "I am sure," or "You must see that I am right." Instead it is always, "Do you not think this is best?" and "Does it not occur to you that my idea is a good one?" In short, the doctor has learned the secret that antagonism will lose a point where deference to the common sense, not to say vanity, of the average mortal will win. There is no doubt the fete will be a brilliant affair, and its success financially seems to be assured. I understand that a mint of money is being spent on costumes and somebody has said that this ought not to be. Ought not—because the money saved on costumes could help to swell the profits, and furnish more comfort for the poor consumptives at the sanatorium. Los Angeles society, however, does not do things that way. This is to be a fashionable event, as well as a charity fete, and the women must be dressed in accordance with the needs of the hour. At least that is the general sentiment, and I am looking for some stunning gowns.

Byrne's "Thriving Business." J. J. Byrne is doing a thriving business in the interest of the Barlow Sanatorium, and I hear the dollars are coming his way so fast that he is unable to count them. He has been drawn into a distribution scheme which promises well for the sanatorium, and may provide lively entertainment for Mr. Byrne incidentally. At least he is taking kindly to the business, and asking his friends for money in a manner so bland that they are at a loss at first to recognize him in the new role. The fact is that a handsome Japanese dressing gown has been donated for the coming fete to be held in the interest of the sanatorium, and Dr. Barlow has prevailed upon Mr. Byrne to take the matter of disposing of it in hand. It is astonishing how many men want that dressing gown, and next to

Sports

REDONDO HOTEL

Sports

Wednesday Evenings--Dinner and Theatricals

Saturday Evenings--Parties

the probable election of Roosevelt, and the question of "Who owns the Herald?" it is the chief topic of discussion at the down-town clubs where men are wont to congregate. The thing is a handsome creation, embroidered in Japanese design, and worth, it is claimed, \$100. Mr. Byrne admits that is about the right figure, but he has marked it down to \$150, and will not take a cent less for it.

Juvenile Courts. Since Dr. Dorothea Moore came down from San Francisco to visit her parents, she has been in consultation with local women concerning the juvenile court and its needs. This means that leaders in social and club life throughout the state are keeping their agreement to make the court for youthful offenders an object of especial thought. It was largely through the efforts of Dr. Moore that the necessity for a court in Los Angeles first appealed strongly to the women here. She had identified herself with the effort to secure the establishment of such an institution in Chicago, and there studied the effects of the experiment. Later she

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carried the ideas gained at that place, to San Francisco, and worked faithfully to see provision made for neglected wayward children of that city. Then when the time had arrived for the establishment of a juvenile court in Los Angeles, it was Dr. Moore who practically took the lead in addressing women of Southern California, and arousing them to action, the result of which is apparent. Dr. Moore is anxious for the fullest realization of hopes which the women of California have entertained that the criminal statistics of the coast shall be lowered through a successful effort at placing the children under such protection as the state owes to them. I hear the local women's clubs will make the juvenile court one of their earliest considerations as soon as the club season opens, and that there will be good support, both moral and financial, if the latter is needed, for the enterprise, on the part of the women's organizations.

Poor Press Club. Somebody said the Women's Press Club of Los Angeles is taking on new life. Who my informant was I am not now quite sure, but I own to you that I was a little bit startled—as one might be upon looking up after reading a ghost story, to see the white window draperies step down and begin to move about like animated things. Somebody will say to this I suppose: "What a slap!" But after all, why not speak the truth, and say you were startled if you were? It is facts, facts, that we want. I have watched the progress of this press club through the summers and winters of weary years, and while there is no denying that two or three bright women have sacrificed much in an effort to make it "go," the fact remains that it never yet has passed the stage where the strenuous efforts of its best members were not needed. There have been men's press clubs, many and prosperous since this one for women was organized, and when one comes to compare it is easy to see the reason. The women's press club has been taken too seriously. The meetings in the past were given over to the relation of experiences with that much-to-be-dreaded personage, the editor, and members gave their ideas as to the safest and most effective way of approaching him when armed with manuscript which the trembling author much desires to see in print. Now, a man would say: "What's the use?" When he goes to his press club he wants to rest, and talk about anything under the sun but press work. It is a medium of diversion for him—of business for the woman. There is the difference, and a vital one. Active newspaper women have seen this, and the majority of them could not be enticed into a press club. They simply have not time, and there are shorter methods of learning how to approach the editor. They already have learned that if they have written something worth reading he wants it, if not, the Press Club cannot help them. So the most successful women writers often have been found outside the Press Club, although as I said before, there are those who believe it could be made a means of benefit, if rightly conducted. Now I hear, the right idea has struck the press club officers, and that the organization is to be made one of recreation only. Since this rumor has been whispered about, several women, well known locally for their ability in the newspaper and magazine field, are turning their eyes in the direction of the club; more than one has been caught by the alluring prospect, and placed her name

on the membership roll. There is to be a moonlight reception soon in the attic studios of Cumnock Hall, and the program, as it is given to me, savors of restful entertainment. If the present idea for the club is carried out, it may become popular with busy women.

In St. Louis. Speaking about the press club, and those who from time to time, have been identified with it, brings to mind that, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, it has turned out a number of women who have gained considerable public notice in one way or another. Mrs. Mary E. Hart, who is now in charge of an Alaskan exhibit at the St. Louis fair, was once identified with the press club of Los Angeles, and if I mistake not, still holds membership in it. Mrs. W. A. H. Conner, better known as "J. Torrey Conner," was one of its most ardent members at one time, and tried hard to place it on a basis of popularity, and Mrs. Alice Moore McComas, wife of Judge C. C. McComas, belonged at the time she was devoting herself to writing. It must be confessed also that Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane—more recently the Countess Somebody-or-other of Alaska, in years gone by was an honored member of the press club. That was when she was writing stories about the Arizona Indians, and before she had gained the nom de plume of "Alice in Wonderland," by her escapades in Alaska, where she was arrested last year, charged with an attempt upon the life of her partner Captain Galpin. Of course the fate of Mrs. Crane is no reflection upon the club, and indeed, in her palmy days, I believe she was a valuable as well as a valued member.

At the Potter. From all I can hear of the mid-summer gayety at Santa Barbara, Mrs. Milo M. Potter is the charming center of the gay social throng at Hotel Potter. I hear she looked particularly attractive in a blue creme de chine the other evening at the grand ball given in the hotel, and that the dainty little lady should be singled out for a special compliment among so many handsomely gowned women is an item for her friends to appreciate. Miss Nina Jones, the daughter, was in white, her costume suiting well her girlish form, and her hair was arranged in Japanese style. Not before in the history of Santa Barbara has it known so brilliant a season, but the dreamy old town has been surprising itself with modern ideas ever since the opening of the Potter.

Cupid Very Busy. Judging from the indications, Cupid has been ensnared at a certain one of the nearby watering places and cannot get away to do business anywhere else. I dare not mention the name of the resort, lest I be accused of hinting too broadly at a weighty secret—which everybody knows, but must not mention. In this case there is a trained nurse, of the fetching sort, and a gay bachelor of means and popularity. For goodness sake, don't say I told you, but watch developments, and you will acknowledge that I am right.

Going North. Captain and Mrs. W. G. Coulson are about to conclude their stay in Southern California, and return to San Francisco, where they will attend the Knights Templar conclave, before starting East. They will be in Washington, D. C. this winter, and if Mrs. Coulson's health will permit, I

dare say will accept many invitations. The Coulsons have been since early in the season, at the Julian Hotel, Long Beach, enjoying an idle sort of existence which suits the Captain well as a change from the strenuous life he led before his retirement. Captain Coulson has for many years been in the government service, and is considered an officer of much more than average ability. Wit, of a rare and pleasing sort, is one characteristic of which the veteran naval officer can boast, and he has been the life of a merry group of relatives gathered at Long Beach this summer. This group consists chiefly of women who make the captain the lion of every occasion, and defer to his judgment in a flattering

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fashion whenever a discussion arises. The lionizing business becomes a trifle burdensome to the genial Captain when he is obliged to be "it" all the time, and occasionally his wit comes to the rescue when he has grown weary with answering many questions. It was one day this week that the cheerful subject of hanging came up at the dinner table, and the Captain was under a steady fire of questions regarding the law with reference to capital punishment. Finally one woman asked: "They can't hang a woman in California, can they Captain?" "Of course they can," was the ready reply, "unless her neck is too short."

Monkeys Very Appropriate. Fashionable leaders of New York are introducing monkeys to society. This is not intended as a reflection upon any of the leaders, who might give especially noticeable evidences of having descended from the Simian tribe. It means simply that society women of New York have adopted a new fad and are carrying around with them chenille monkeys in the place of lap dogs. I see that the Countess Festetics and Mrs. Hugh Tevis gave the fad its initiative when they entertained with a luncheon at Sherry's the other day, and I suppose we shall see toy monkeys, bouncing up and down on elastic ribbons in the hands of Los Angeles dames before the end of the next season, unless—can it be possible that Los Angeles women will draw the line at so silly a fad! Let us hope so, and transpose the words of the prayer book to read: "From monkeys in society, Good Lord deliver us." Countess Festetics formerly was Ella Haggin and is a granddaughter of James B. Haggin the millionaire as well known in San Francisco as New York. In 1892 she was married to Count Sigismund Festetics, grand chamberlain to the imperial court of Vienna. She has since been divorced and the past season has been with her parents at Closter, N. Y.

Los Angeles Femininity Stage Struck. With the announcement that Los Angeles is to have a new theatre, The Belasco, on Main street between Third and Fourth, the inevitable stage struck maiden who harbors the idea 'neath her millinery that she is destined to be a Bernhardt, a Duse, a Carter or even an Adele Block, comes to the front. Manager E.

D. Price, the general director of the Belasco & Mayer enterprises, and John H. Blackwood, who will be the local manager of the new Belasco theatre, have been pretty nearly pestered to death during the past week or so, answering communications and granting interviews to women—young, middle-aged and even some within hailing distance of the fifty year post—who evidence a preference for the glare of the footlights to the dull glimmer of the cook stove flame. According to the ideas of most of these misguided women-folk nothing is easier than to score a success on the stage, unless it is the average person's conception of the ease and facility with which they might conduct a newspaper. Anyway, unless I am mightily mistaken, from what I know of the policy of the management of the new Belasco theatre, the players whose names will appear on the programme of "The Wife," which will be the first offering of the stock company, will not include any ambitious local Thespians but will be confined exclusively to experienced, capable and splendidly equipped actors and actresses.

To Marry Miss Allen. John Charlebois, I see, is to marry Miss Winifred Allen of San Francisco, the wedding to take place early in the fall. Charlebois, who came here from Montreal, and is now identified with the Edward Silent Real Estate Company, has been received well by a social set of standing here, and indeed he is a likable young fellow. Miss Allen is the daughter of Captain Richmond P. Allen of San Francisco, and is said to be a social favorite. She is a pretty girl of the brunette type, and has a gentle winning manner that makes for her many friends. Los Angeles is to be the home of the couple, I understand.

Miss Mahon's Visit. Miss Belle Mahon, who has just concluded a visit here with her friend, Mrs. J. A. Clark, found a ready welcome from Los Angeles society, although the pity is she could not have been here in the midst of the gay season, when things were doing socially. Miss Mahon not only is a handsome young woman of charming personality, but she belongs to one of the historic families that were identified with the early official life of America.



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She is a great grand daughter of Thomas Jefferson and John L. Mahon, her father, passed the early part of his life at the old Jefferson homestead in Virginia. He came to California later, and his daughter is a native of this state. The family now lives in Stockton, where Miss Mahon is a popular member of the smart set. Mrs. Clark and her friends entertained on a number of occasions for the charming northerner while she was in Los Angeles.

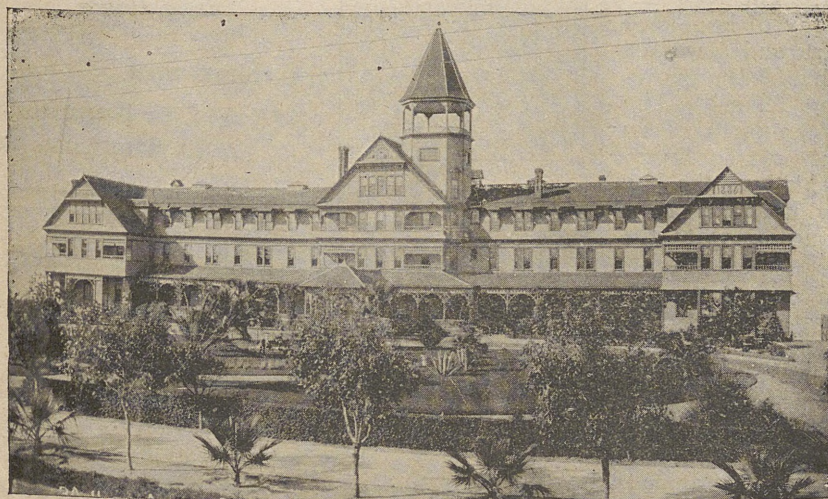
Lillian Burkhardt's Baby. Lillian Burkhardt that was, Mrs. George Goldsmith that is, has a beautiful baby boy, and naturally she is the happiest woman in vaudeville or out of it. G. G. junior, has already developed distinct histrionic talent and accepts the plaudits of his proud papa with all the calm indifference of a footlight favorite.

Talk of Boxers. Guests at the Angelus have had an unusual diversion this week, "Twin" Sullivan and his manager Tim McGrath having engaged accommodations there for the length of their stay in Los Angeles. Boxing has been under discussion by fashionable dames who were just glad any way that they had a chance to see how these knights of the ring could deport themselves where folks in other walks of life were wont to congregate. The fighters have been a great attraction, and if they have enjoyed the attention shown them, there is no wonder, for there is an unusually large number of smart folks at the Angelus just now. The hotel has been sheltering two notable personages this week. They are Carl Redlich and Bruno Von Enderes of Vienna, Austria, sent here by the Austrian government to inspect the American railroads. From here they have gone to San Francisco.

Courts of Appeal. A constitutional amendment of the utmost importance to the people of California will be submitted to the voters of the State at the general election in November. By that amendment it is proposed to create District Courts of Appeal, whose functions will be to hear and determine appeals from the Superior Courts, with certain exceptions, and thus to relieve the present congestion in the Supreme Court, which is hopelessly behind with its work, and to enable litigants to obtain a final

hearing and decision of their cases within a reasonable time. At present, from two to three years must elapse before an appeal can be heard by the Supreme Court, and the situation is growing worse instead of better. The reasons advanced for adopting this amendment and the advantages of the proposed system of intermediate appellate courts, both in economy and in the expedition of public business, are forcibly stated in an address issued to the voters of California by the San Francisco Bar Association. Under the change now proposed the five Commissioners will be relieved from office and in their stead there will be three separate District Courts of Appeal, each consisting of three Judges sitting at the same time in different parts of the State, and each having independent power to decide and dispose of cases. The Supreme Court will, nevertheless, hold the same supervisory power over the District Courts which it now has over its own departments. It is intended that criminal appeals (except in cases where the death penalty has been pronounced), which now monopolize so much of the time of the Supreme Court shall be heard by the District Courts of Appeal. Three District Courts working concurrently should promptly take up and dispose of criminal appeals, and so a great present evil will be corrected. Criminals should be brought to justice speedily; the criminal law loses its terrors when, as at present, conviction and punishment can only be meted out, if at all, several years after the commission of the crime. The Republican county convention has already set its approval on the proposition and the Los Angeles Bar Association has done the same. The amendment will carry if attorneys all over the State give proper attention to explaining the matter.

Miss Simonds Back. Among those who have returned early from their summer outings, is Miss Lila Simonds, who I see, is back this week from her trip to Catalina. Miss Simonds will take an active part in the social doings of Los Angeles again this winter. She is one of the sweetest of the local belles, and more than once since her debut I have caught Cupid casting silelong glances at her pretty face. There is a story that he has been looking the young lady's way rather steadily of late, but that may be only an automobile story—I cannot say.



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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS

A. D. WRIGHT, Prop

Guy Barham's Illness. The sorrow that visited Guy Barham two weeks ago caused the deepest sympathy from his host of friends. His little daughter, Helen, was a sweet and loveable character, with just the same charm that has made her father a favorite with all kinds of people. Guy's bereavement has been followed by his own serious illness, for a week ago he was stricken with the dread appendicitis. At this writing an operation had not been decided upon, but everyone will hope and pray that this good fellow may pull through and that his charming little wife may be spared more sorrow.

The Emperor of Russia. There is no more pathetic figure—search where you will through the Siberian prisons or the lowest slums of London—than the Czar of all the Russias. Acutely sensitive he is also infirm of purpose, but when such a character sits perpetually on the brink of a precipice with dynamite all around him, can you wonder that he is frequently a marionette in the hands of the bureaucracy, the ambitious Grand Dukes and his intriguing ministers. The Czar is a pathetic figure because his heart is in the right place but he is not strong enough to use his hands. His position is pathetic, because his motives and actions are universally misunderstood. He is painted as a tyrant, while he is the most suffering victim of the tyranny of Tradition; he is called a hypocrite because his words are for peace and his works for war. Yet those who know the Emperor never doubt his sincerity while they realize that he is the slave of tradition and in the reforms that are most dear to his heart he must move slowly. Nicholas was a weakling, hyper-sensitive and almost neurotic, the son of his mother and with little in common with his father, who was a rough, strong and callous creature. Alexander saw his heir growing to manhood the reverse of his own type and conceived the brutal idea that a liaison would be a good thing for Nicholas. The Czarevitch was introduced to a Parisian dancer, a beautiful and most attractive woman. Nicholas lived with her for several years before his marriage to Alix of Hesse, the present Empress. Here is the irony of life. The Parisienne presented Nicholas with two bouncing boys, who are now sturdy lads in their teens, but the unhappy Czarina until the other day could not satisfy her lord's and the nation's hope for a legitimate heir. The long deferred boy has brought at least a ray of hope and sunshine into Nicholas' torn heart and harassed mind, and Russia is to benefit thereby. Who knows but that "A Little Child Shall Lead Them?" The Emperor's manifesto, celebrating the birth of an heir, issued last Wednesday, grants extraordinary concessions to his people, and the birth of the boy means a real boon to the unhappy Russian nation and the occasion of remarkable concessions to the depressed Finlanders.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Dennis left Wednesday for Banff, British Columbia. Mrs. Dennis has been in poor health for the past six months and her host of friends hope that the change of air may entirely restore her.

Mrs. Lucia Burnett and her little daughter returned last Monday from an eastern visit to be on

time for an interesting event expected in the household of her sister, Mrs. Harry Colburn Turner.

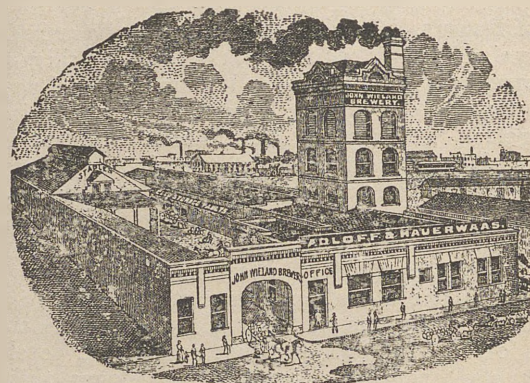
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hoyle and family expect to spend several weeks at the Potter, Santa Barbara. The summer colony of Angelenos under the Potter roof is led by Mrs. Frank Hicks and her two charming little daughters.

Mrs. Charles Dwight Willard and daughter are at La Jolla for two weeks.

Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard and children are at Miramar, the beautiful watering place in the Montecito valley.

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Frederick Stevenson has been nursing his street car accident wounds at Miramar.

Dr. Dorothea Moore is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Roads of 407 West Twenty-Third street.

Mrs. George Wilshire, Miss Clara Carpenter and Mr. Nathaniel F. Wilshire have been spending the week at the Potter.

Mrs. Wilcox and two of her daughters, Mrs. Randolph H. Miner and Mrs. Longstreet, returned from Santa Barbara Tuesday. Captain Miner arrived from the East the same day, bringing with him his invalid mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran returned from a week's northern trip to join the infant Cochran last Monday.

Mrs. Otis Spencer, who has been in Los Angeles for the last six months and who has delighted many with her sweet voice and artistic temperament, returned last Tuesday with her two children to her home in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff are at Klamath Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Posey are at Ocean Park. Among other Angelenos at the south beach are Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale.

Miss Mollie Adelia Brown has returned from a prolonged eastern trip and taken a house with her mother at 1402 Bond street.

J. G. Mossin leaves next Sunday to attend the American Bankers' Association's convention in New York next month. W. T. S. Hammond and H. S. McKee also expect to be in New York in September. Mrs. Hammond will accompany the First National's cashier.

Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones and her pretty little daughter will be at Squirrel Inn for another week.

Major and Mrs. John H. Norton, their daughter, Amy Marie, and Miss Mazie Mather are at the Brighton Beach Hotel for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance have favored Brighton Beach this summer as the place for such brief outings as they have seen fit to take at the seaside, and recently they were noticed among others who enjoyed boating at that place. Their daughters were with them.

Many of those who are just returning from Santa Barbara will finish out the season at Redondo, and among the number of these are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori, Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Silent, and Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes.

Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon gave a luncheon Wednesday afternoon, entertaining at Brighton Beach, where the Gibbons have taken a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Skinner will leave next Wednesday on an extended trip. After going to the Templars Conclave at San Francisco they will go thence over the Canadian Pacific to Montreal, returning home by way of Boston, New York and St. Louis.

Miss May Ridgeway has gone to San Francisco to visit friends for a short while. Miss Ridgeway is to have part in arranging for the Barlow Sanatorium fete, and will be back in time for that event.

The Von Schmidts, the E. T. Earls, the W. F. Botsfords of Los Angeles; Col. and Mrs. C. P. Morehouse and the Hulls of Pasadena are still enjoying the bracing breezes of Bolsa Chica.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Burnett and daughter left Thursday for New York and other eastern points. On their way home they will, of course, take in the St. Louis exposition.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe and Charles Hinchcliffe, her son, are in San Francisco. They will return soon to Los Angeles, and later go east to attend the fair at St. Louis.

Miss Helen Kemper and Miss Gertrude Gooding are at home again after an outing at Catalina.

Mrs. Oliver P. Posey has been making frequent trips to Ocean Park, the past few weeks, enjoying an outing now and then as the spirit moved. Mr. and Mrs. John Van Gieson Posey are taking their summer outing at this resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Johnson have gone to Redondo, and will be guests at the hotel for several weeks.

SANTA BARBARA GOSSIP.

My Santa Barbara correspondent, who in preface declared she is chastened by my inferences last week that she is both "slangy and cynical," writes as follows: "Well, the Potter has resumed its summer peaceful routine, although the Tobins, the Charlie Clarks and 'Jimmy' Coleman, are still with us. But we certainly had a week of it! Memories of the tennis and of Champion May's smashing returns and delicious modesty have been shattered by the excitement of last Monday's polo. Francis Underhill, who, you know, is the protege of E. H. Harriman, Dr. Seward Webb and other big guns on Wall street, is the best judge of the game and most experienced connoisseur of polo ponies on the coast. Mr. Underhill has been mixing his polo with politics, for he wants to go to congress, but I understand, has little chance against Smith, of Bakersfield, or Ward of San Diego. He declares that the game between Burlingame and Santa Barbara was the most brilliant exhibition he has seen on the coast. The Santa Barbara's victory was entirely unexpected and the Tobins were willing to lay 1000 to 300 on Burlingame. The Barbarians either didn't have the money or the confidence, for the only bet I heard of was thirty pieces of silver won from 'Jim' Coleman by Larry Reddington, the sporting editor of the Press. The scene around the polo field was brilliant, despite the fact that few of us put on our best frocks because of the

clouds of dust and the lowering skies, which later gave us a sharp shower of rain. Henry Miller with his Boston bull terrier was the cynosure of all our eyes as he stood on the side lines, booted and spurred, having just ridden back from the Country Club where 'Dick' Tobin had given a stag lunch in his honor. This was not very nice of Mr. Tobin, because we are all in love with Mr. Miller and were keen to meet him, although they say he is 46 years of age and very much married. The rest of his company were much in demand. Freddy Tiden, who held 'Little Joe's' sticks for him, is a great favorite with the Tobins. I hope you have seen his Harry Tavender in 'Joseph Entangled'; it is even better than his Imp with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin in 'When We were Twenty-One.' 'Jimmy' Coleman, who, you know, is Charlie Clark's right hand man, gave a lunch at the Potter before the polo game for Miss Hilda Spong (isn't she just too sweet for anything?). Then he took his party in a drag to the polo, and as usual the prettiest women were in his party. Ruth McNutt is very much admired, but your Los Angeles and Pasadena girls more than held their own. Of course my feminine judgment is not to be relied upon, but I thought Miss McGillivray, of Pasadena, the handsomest girl here; while Miss Grace Mellus, blonde, and Miss Merita Seymour, very much tennis-brunette, were very distinguished. Miss Clara Carpenter also with her winning ways has had a train of swains, while our own Miss Nina Jones, Mrs. Potter's daughter, is generally voted one of the main attractions of this most attractive hotel. You were kind enough to send up a goodly array of eligibles for Saturday's dance and most of them did their duty. I did not see either Howard Huntington or Billy Nevin dancing, but I think they both had a very good time. Charlie Holterhoff was busy but was especially devoted to a pair of lustrous Pasadena brown eyes. Anyway most of the girls had a pretty good time, though, of course and as usual, not as good as the married women had. We went through a whole week of gaiety and excitement without a single scandal or even any gossip that was interesting. So please don't blame me if my letter is tame and tedious. But whatever you do, don't miss Hilda Spong's gowns in 'Joseph Entangled.'"

A Recognized Local Master.

MARQUIS ELLIS brought me several voices and I must say the placing of the voice is his specialty in which he has achieved and will achieve great success.

Signed A. J. Stamm
Director of St. Vibianas Cathedral.

I have investigated the method of pure Tone production and voice placement advocated and taught by Marquis Ellis and can honestly say it is the nearest to my ideal of tone coloring. (I am under him at present) Rosendo Uruchurto
(Blind Genius)
(Inventor of the Rosendolin)

His Mark

I have studied voice culture with Mr. Ellis but a short time, and will honestly say it is due to my success in my parts on the stage.

Eve Bennett, Contralto.

Marquis Ellis' Studio - Blanchard Bldg.

Where the Footlights Glow

Henry Arthur Jones deserves the thanks of a long-suffering and much-buncoed public in that he has been bold enough to meet the reaction of an international audience, satiated by sex problem dissections. In "Joseph Entangled" he has given us a refreshing comedy, entirely free from the taint of parlous pornography, but reflecting situations that might easily occur in any well regulated household, domestic or imported.

There is no extraordinary merit, either of originality or of development in Mr. Jones' latest play. As this dramatist exposed the strength of circumstantial evidence in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," so in "Joseph Entangled" he displays its weakness. It is a pretty and quite proper story. Nobody has sinned but the scandal-mongers, which is, indeed, a true echo of many of the tidbits of twentieth century gossip. If the play's idea is as old as the hills, we should be grateful to Mr. Jones for having clothed it with new and attractive raiment. There are many bright lines in "Joseph Entangled"—not the smart epigrams of Oscar Wilde nor the elaborate proverbs of Bernard Shaw, but the world-wisdom of experience is expressed in terms that are at once natural and graphic. What Mr. Jones calls "matrimonial kleptomania" is dissected by various surgeons—the club cynic, the professor of moral philosophy, the young man about town, the putative lover, the apparently injured husband and the compromised wife.

"Joseph Entangled" is by no means a great play, but if one's ear could absorb all Mr. Jones' lines it would provide an interesting and not unedifying entertainment. Unfortunately, as presented by Henry Miller and a rarely clever company at the Mason Opera House last Wednesday evening, much of the play, particularly the lines that fall to Mr. Miller, did not reach the majority of the audience.

I consider Mr. Miller's present company distinctly the strongest he has ever brought to the coast. While, naturally, we miss Margaret Anglin, I cannot conceive a better Lady Verona than that portrayed by Hilda Spong. Since her last appearance here some two years ago in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," Miss Spong, already endowed with rare natural gifts, has made rapid advance in her art. Her Lady Verona is a characterization completely natural, and, therefore, thoroughly convincing. In the first two acts of Mr. Jones's comedy Miss Spong is only required to use a light and graceful touch, but in the third act, when Lady Verona's husband is preparing his instructions for his lawyer and later agrees to "condone" his compromised but innocent wife, Miss Spong meets the demands of the situation with a strength and sureness of emotion that stamp her an actress of rare ability. This, indeed, is the only scene in the play of a serious character, the rest being composed of interesting trivialities, such as Sir Joseph's philandering at breakfast with his former lady-love, and of very distinct and clever characterization.

The chief charm of the performance by Mr. Miller and his company is the most admirable way in which each actor fills his part. Miss Busley alone

is "out of the picture." Mr. Miller himself does excellent work and I think New York would appreciate his "Joseph," if he could only dispose of the prunes in his mouth. His characterization is remarkable for delicate and expressive shading, and as ever he makes love in very repressed but convincing fashion. The men of the company are excellent and Mr. Frohman and Mr. Miller seem to have selected each one of them exactly to fit their parts. Walter Allen's Professor Tofield is a masterly bit, while Frederick Tiden's Tavender and Stanley Dark's worldly-wise bachelor shine for their skill. Hartley Manners has a part in which he just plays himself and is capital therein; the butler, played by Frederick Tyler, is a modest but excellent bit of work, which is also true of Mrs. Fisher's Mrs. Knapman.

Personally, I enjoyed the performance more for its clever acting than any rare merits of the play, but both I would enjoy even more at a second trial, which, I think, "Joseph Entangled" is really worth. There was only a moderate audience Wednesday night. Many of the regular first-nighters are out of town, and too many of Wednesday's audience only caught the palpable hits of the play and lost the subtler lines. This was partly Mr. Miller's fault and partly their own. R. H. C.

The New Belasco Theatre, located on Main street, between Third and Fourth streets, which has been in progress of erection for the past six months will be thrown open to the public next Monday night. The theatre will be devoted exclusively to high class dramatic productions by a thoroughly equipped organization of actors and actresses. In determining to give the theatre patrons of the New Belasco Theatre an organization of superlative excellence, Messrs. Belasco, Mayer & Co., the managers of the Belasco Theatre, sent to this city the very best of their famous Alcazar Theatre stock company in San Francisco. These players include some of the ablest and most experienced stock actors in the country. Martin L. Alsop will be the leading man and Miss Adele Block will assume the principal feminine roles. Miss Oza Waldrop will be the ingenue; Howard Scott will play the stage villains, and Richard Vivian will enact the juvenile characters. This quintette of brilliant artists are all from the Alcazar company and represent the very pick of that high class organization. In addition the Belasco company will include such well known and reputable players as George W. Barnum, who will be the general stage director, Starr King Walker, Robert Rogers, Louis Bishop Hall, James A. Bliss, Miss Louise Mackintosh, Miss Mary Graham, Miss Agnes Ranken and Miss Fay Wallace. The first offering will be the famous comedy-drama "The Wife."

From the Wings.

Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods" is now the dramatic feature of the St. Louis Exposition.

Fred Belasco has secured the exclusive western rights of two of Mrs. Fiske's successes, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "Marta of the Lowlands," for Florence Roberts. Furthermore, Miss Roberts will be supported by Miss Fiske's leading man of last season, Hobart Bosworth, who made a fine impression here.

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Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

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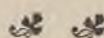
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THE JUGGLING BARRETTES.
LITTLE & PRITZKOW, in Comedy Singing Sketch.
CHARLES LOWE, Musical Artist Extraordinary.

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Performance every night with

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Aug. 28

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Mostly Girls

—PRESENTING—

"LADY SLAVEY"

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Matinees Sunday and Saturday, 10c and 25c

Phones: Main 525, Home 525

With Israel Zangwill as author, Cecilia Loftus as star, and Guy Standing, late of the Baker Theater Co., as leading man, "The Serio-Comic Governess," opening at the Lyceum Theater, New York, next month, seems one of the season's most promising attractions.

Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy" and Maxine Elliott in "Her Only Way" will be at the Mason this fall.

Frederick Warde declares that his forthcoming tour with Wagenhals and Kemper's spectacular production of "Salamambo," in which he will be associated with Kathryn Kidder, will be his farewell to the regular stage. This will not mean that he is to retire from public life. As I announced exclusively in these columns some months ago, he is to adopt the lecture platform, with Shakespeare and the other great dramatic classics for texts.

May Irwin is to return to the stage in October under the management of Henry B. Sire. It is said that she will have a new farce by George Broadhurst, and may also play some of her former successes.

Beerbohm Tree brought his London season to a close by appearing on the last night in four roles: Zakkuri, the sardonic Japanese minister in "The Darling of the Gods"; the dreamy king in "Richard the Second"; Malvolio, the eccentric, sick with self, get a New York manager to pronounce it."

One of the New York dailies recently started the rumor that Ethyl Barrymore's father, Maurice Barrymore, was at the point of death. This caused a delegation of his friends from the Lambs' Club to visit the sanatorium where he is an inmate, with the result that Mr. Barrymore was found to be in neither a better nor worse condition than he has been for the last four months. The actor is at times quite rational, and he seems to be well posted on theatrical events.

TRUSTY TIPS TO THEATER-GOERS.

Morosco's Burbank. Ollie Morosco is to be heartily congratulated on securing the coast rights of Bronson Howard's most successful play, "The Henrietta," made famous by Crane and Robson. Harry Mestayer is to play "Bertie, the Lamb" next week, and assures Charlie Van Loan and other members of the Midnight Club that his imported clothes from Piccadilly are masterpieces of the sartorial art. George Woodward who succeeded Crane with Robson is to play Crane's old part. It should be a bright and interesting performance. In the meantime, "A Contented Woman," is going very well.

Belasco's. The cosy theater next the Van Nuys is to be opened Monday night and its opening will undoubtedly be a brilliant function and an interesting dramatic event. Fred Belasco has secured a stock company bearing many well known names, and has chosen for the opening that admirable play "The Wife." I expect great things of Adele Block and trust she feels rested from her travels.

Grand Opera House. Officials of the United States Secret Service, a gang of counterfeiters, an adventuress and a flying railway train form the central features of interest in the melodrama "In a Woman's Power," which will be presented next week by the Ulrich Stock Company. The company has been strengthened by the addition of Anna Roberts, one of Dobinson's most successful graduates, and Marty O'Neill, comedian.

Orpheum. Emmett Devoy and company will be the headliners next week with "The Saintly Mr. Billings," a skit the title of which suggests possibilities in burlesque. Walter C. Kelly is a newcomer. The San Francisco Call said of Kelly: "Old blase habits of the O'Farrell street vaudeville shop who wouldn't laugh for a salary, doubled up and ha-ha-ed out loud under the laughingitis spell cast by this wizard of smiles. You had to smile, even if the last notch in your meal ticket was punched twice and your mother-in-law was due in the morning." The Three Barretts introduce a novel juggling act. Malle Little and Louis Pritzlow will present a singing sketch "A Mixed Affair." Charles Lowe will do musical stunts. New motion pictures will complete a bill which will be almost entirely new, the only holdovers being Foy and Clark in "The Old Curiosity Shop" and the Five Madcaps in their acrobatic dances.

Casino. The Olympias have been playing to good business with the evergreen "Mikado." Next week they put on "The Lady Slavey," a popular English musical comedy that has never before been seen in Los Angeles. The first performance will be Sunday afternoon.

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In the Musical World

MUSIC.

Miss Grace Longley gave a concert Tuesday evening in the opera house at South Pasadena, singing for the benefit of the Women's Improvement Association of that place. Miss Longley has not yet completed her musical studies, and it was only as a favor to the Improvement Association, of which her aunt, Mrs. Ada J. Longley is the president, that she was induced to appear in concert at this time. She has studied with the best teachers in New York, and her voice gives promise of splendid results when she has finished her studies and taken up professional work. When she was a school girl she lived in South Pasadena and is a graduate of the High school there, so that there were many old friends anxious to hear her sing, and glad that an opportunity was afforded them to do so. It is said that she will take up her studies again in the near future.

The Apollo Club is to begin its rehearsals for the coming winter, September 12, in the lecture room of the Temple Baptist Church. Prospects are bright that this club will furnish some good music the coming season. Harry Barnhart will again be the conductor, and an orchestra is being organized to practice with the chorus. As soon as the club gets ready for rehearsals it will begin to prepare for the presentation of "The Messiah," which is to take place at Hazard's Pavilion in December, the date to be set later. The chorus to be heard at this event will consist of about 400 voices, the singers coming from the choral societies in Los Angeles, Long Beach, Redondo, Pasadena and Whittier. In the last two places societies are now being formed, and it is said that they will furnish good material for the coming oratorio.

Henry Earl has gone to Santa Barbara for a rest before the beginning of the winter season. In addition to his teaching this summer, he has played in a Pasadena orchestra.

Prof. Waldo M. Chase is away on a vacation, having gone to Squirrel Inn for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gottschalk have gone East, after visiting the former's mother, Mrs. N. L. Gottschalk, and his sister, Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, in Los Angeles. They left sooner than they had expected to go, Mr. Gottschalk having received a telegram to begin rehearsals with Edna May in her new play: "The College Girl." When he is through with this he will identify himself with the opera "The Cingalee," which is about to have its first American production. This opera has made a great hit in London.

Charles T. Hendrick is to be the recipient of a benefit planned by Mrs. Fred R. Dorn, for some time in September. Hendrick is a gifted vocalist, and his fine tenor voice has been heard on several occasions since he came to Los Angeles about a year ago. He was forced, just previous to the trip west, to give up his position in the Burgomeister Opera Company of New York, on account of failing sight, and he came to Los Angeles for a rest, hoping the change would benefit his eyes. He has been with his

mother, Mrs. Susan Hendrick of 127 West Twenty-Fifth street, and he has been generous in giving his services whenever he could for the pleasure of friends, or the sake of charity. It is expected that a number of prominent musicians aside from Mrs. Dorn, will take part in the coming concert, and that it will be a success worthy the object for which it is to be given.

Mrs. Fred Dorn, who has been resting from her duties as a member of the Memorial Baptist church choir, will resume her place there the first week in September.

Mrs. Wallace Bruce Amsbury sang Tuesday evening before the Baptist Assembly at the Tabernacle in Long Beach, rendering "Clouds Will Be Sunshine Tomorrow." Mrs. Frank Norton played the accompaniment on the piano, and there was a violin obligato. Mrs. Amsbury has a fine voice and she pleased her audience so much that an attempt was made to recall her, but owing to the length of the program she did not respond.

The Imperial Course of ten entertainments, under the direction of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist church, has enjoyed a remarkable sale. August seems pretty early to talk of entertainments but the ladies decided to open the Course in September with the great Euterpean chorus of Colum-

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bus, Ohio, and consequently it became necessary to put the tickets on sale much earlier than usual. The Course itself is the finest ever offered on the Pacific Coast, with five concerts, three lectures and two entertainments. The Course is a diversified one, and as every event is the best that could be secured, a delightful season is anticipated.

Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer sang before the Chautauqua Assembly at Chautauqua, N. Y., a few days ago, and was repeatedly encored by the large audience. Her success called forth favorable comment from leading papers in the East. Mrs. Plummer is well known in Los Angeles where she has been heard on a number of occasions, and the good report of her Eastern work is received with pleasure here.

It is possible that Sig. Campanari, until recently baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, may come to the Pacific Coast next season. He has given up the operatic stage, at least for a while, and does not expect to return to it for a year. In October he will head a concert company of his own, and make a tour of the east and middle west, after which it is believed he may arrange to come as far West as California.

La Belle Pauline.

At a meeting of the Breakfast Club, at which Lord Dufferin was present, the talk turned to Lord Lyons, the British ambassador at Paris:

Apropos of this, Dufferin added that he had once, by way of making conversation, told the wife of a minister that the British embassy retained the only furniture of the First Empire, Wellington having bought it from the Princess Borghese, and that Lord Lyons slept every night in the bed of "La Belle Pauline." The lady, not strong in her history, grew scarlet, and with intense indignation, replied: "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, nous ne connaissons pas votre belle Pauline."

Financial

BONDS.

The issue for \$220,000 for Santa Monica municipal improvement bonds has been defeated. What will be done with reference to the outfall sewer matter is still a question, but extension will probably be made under the Vrooman act. Approximate cost is \$20,000.

The proposed issue of \$20,000 worth of High School bonds for the Los Nietos Valley Union High School district, Orange county, has been defeated.

The Board of Supervisors of Ventura county have ordered that the bonds of the Moorpark School district be issued in the sum of \$1,000, in denomination of \$100, payable within ten years with interest at 5 per cent per annum. The notice of sale of such bonds was ordered published in the Courier. Bids to be received up to September 7, 1904.

The proposition to authorize a \$15,000 bond issue in the Ontario School district was defeated.

Notice is given that a special election will be held on September 1, at the Lemon School house, of the Lemon School district of Los Angeles county, between the hours of 1 p. m. and 5 p. m. for the purpose of issuing and selling bonds to the amount of

\$3,200 for building purposes. There will be eight bonds of \$400 each, to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, to be numbered one to five consecutively. Bonds payable No. 1 in two years; No. 2 in four years and so forth. G. W. Bowman, A. W. Lee, Jose Monroy, trustees.

A petition is being circulated in Long Beach asking the city trustees to call an election to vote bonds for a municipal water plant.

Preliminary steps have been taken for calling a bond election in San Pedro for building an outfall sewer, to cost \$30,000.

H. W. Putnam, principal owner of the Escondido irrigation bonds, has signed an extension of the option for the purchase of the bonds.

Notice is given of an election to be held at the office of the Imperial Water Company No. 1, in Imperial, Cal., on September 2, 1904, for the purpose of deciding whether the sum of \$1,000 shall be raised for school purposes of the Imperial School district.

Water has been struck in a well dug on a recently purchased lot at the west end of Harrison avenue, Ventura. A pumping plant has been applied with success. The hole will be enlarged and deepened. When water is secured in quantity the city trustees will go ahead with their scheme to call an election to vote bonds for municipal water and lighting plants.

An election will be held at South Pasadena September 12, to vote on issuing \$7500 in bonds for the purpose of building one school, insuring, furnishing, etc. Bonds are to be of \$250 each, bearing 5 per cent interest and numbered 1 to 30, consecutively. Bond No. 1 for \$250 to run one year; bond No. 2 to run two years, and so on.

E. H. Rollins & Son of Chicago were the successful bidders for the entire issue of San Diego water, fire and bridge bonds. The bridges have been built and contracts let for the fire houses.

The Mexican Petroleum Co., at Ebano, has authorized an issue of \$250,000 in bonds for construction of tankage at Ebano and the purchase of tank cars for transporting oil. It is probable a number of steel barges will be constructed to carry oil to Tampico for loading on tank steamers to gulf ports.

The new International Savings bank of Los Angeles, will probably be opened for business during the next thirty days and the management denies the report that the opening is being held up until the support of certain influential foreigners is obtained. The new bank will not be a commercial one, but will handle the savings of the foreigners here and conduct an exchange business to Austria, Italy and France.

The Western Art Tile Works of Los Angeles, has filed certificate of bonded indebtedness for \$50,000 to bear 6 per cent interest.

On September 1 the Bank of Hueneme will be moved to Oxnard and will be consolidated with the Bank of A. Levy. Levy is the principal stockholder in the Hueneme bank. At the same time he will move his brokerage business from the seaside town to Oxnard.

Looking much better for his vacation trip in the northern part of the state, President J. M. Elliott of the First National bank is on duty again. He reports having had a great time at Pelican bay and thereabouts.

The Banning State Bank has filed articles of incorporation, with a capital stock of \$25,000. The directors are: J. M. Westerfield of Beaumont; C. R. John and L. C. Waite of Riverside; George E. Bittinger of Los Angeles; and J. C. King, C. O. Barker and C. D. Hamilton of Banning.

The establishment of a State bank at Fullerton is being considered by two men who have had many years experience in the banking business. They will take stock to the amount of about \$15,000, and the remaining \$10,000 is to be taken by Fullerton residents. The two outsiders are G. A. Percival of San Diego, and J. McEndree of Central City, Neb.

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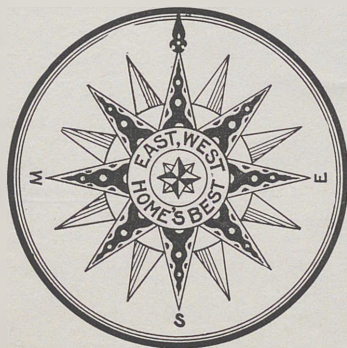
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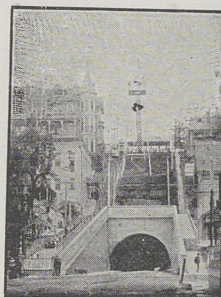


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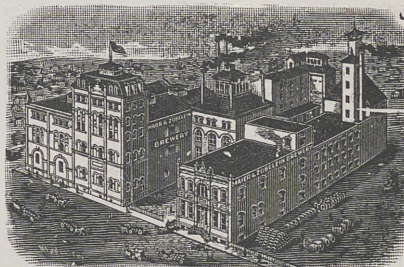
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One of the World's greatest show places. A marvel of majestic heights and snowy waterfalls. If you can see but one place in California by all means let it be

Yosemite

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C. S. SPRECHER,
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5354. Sunset James 7331.